

# DIARY OF A VISUAL LEARNER



**IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, AS THE CLOCK'S HANDS INCHED PAST 3 AM, I LAY MOTIONLESS IN MY BED, A PRISONER OF MY OWN BODY. I WAS FULLY AWARE OF MY SURROUNDINGS, YET PARALYZED, UNABLE TO MOVE MY ARMS OR LEGS. MY MIND WAS SHARP, MY SENSES HEIGHTENED, AND EVERY SOUND SEEMED AMPLIFIED IN THE SILENCE OF THE DARKENED ROOM.**

I could hear the distant thrum of my friend's early morning routine, as if it were happening in the room with me. Each sound painted a vivid picture in my mind: the soft padding of her footsteps as she approached the door, the metallic jingle of her keys as she locked up, the faint rumble of her car starting, and the gradual fade of her car as it pulled away into the night. The cacophony of ordinary noises felt strangely surreal, like a haunting symphony underscoring my isolation.

Panic gripped me. The awareness of my immobility mingled with the dread of being alone, completely vulnerable. My breaths came shallow, my heart raced, and a chill seeped into my bones.

In the midst of my terror, I sought solace in a simple thought. I focused on the name "Jesus," whispering it in my mind with a desperate hope. And as if touched by a divine hand, the paralysis began to wane. A sense of warmth and reassurance enveloped me, lifting the veil of dread that had clung so tightly.

I emerged from the grip of fear, a newfound calm settling over me. The room, once a cavern of shadows, now felt like a sanctuary. I could move again, and the night was no longer an abyss but a place of peace.

THE ANTICIPATION IN THE ROOM WAS PALPABLE AS THE CONFERENCE BEGAN, AND I WAS BRIMMING WITH EXCITEMENT FOR THIS SUPERNATURAL EVENT. THE SPEAKER, A TALL MAN WITH STRIKING BLONDE HAIR AND PIERCING BLUE EYES, COMMANDED ATTENTION WITH HIS BRITISH ACCENT AND CHARISMATIC PRESENCE. HIS STORIES WERE CAPTIVATING, ESPECIALLY THE ONE ABOUT HIS TRAVELS TO BRAZIL. HE RECOUNTED HOW, DURING A MYSTICAL RITUAL, LOCAL WITCHES HAD ASKED HIM TO LEAVE BECAUSE HIS PRESENCE WAS DISRUPTING THEIR PRACTICES.

As the speaker called for a loud and fervent praise to God, the energy in the room surged. Beside me sat a grumpy old man with his arms crossed, seemingly dragged there by his wife. Ignoring him, I threw myself into the moment, shouting praises with all my might. Halfway through, an unusual sensation washed over me—a distinct, almost tangible presence on my head. I could feel it unmistakably: an octopus, its weight and tentacles shifting with an eerie grace.

The feeling made my body go limp, and I fell back into my seat, my eyes closed as if I had been knocked out, but it was a strange, almost soothing experience. When I opened my eyes, I was met with an astonishing sight—a 30-foot tall angel, his blue skin reminiscent of an Avatar, and eyes as black and large as baseballs. His jet-black hair was slicked back, and he wore a judge's robe that seemed to radiate authority and power.

The angel's gaze was fixed on the presence on my head, and I could see the intense fury in his expression. Holding a staff, he swung it with a force that resonated through the room. As he moved, I felt another wave of energy, and my body went limp again, causing me to fall back into my seat.

Struggling to regain my composure, I glanced sideways at the grumpy man beside me, wondering if he was witnessing the same spectacle. To my disappointment, his arms remained firmly crossed, unperturbed. Finally, I managed to stand slowly, feeling the weight and tentacles slide off my head as if being lifted by an unseen force.

I felt a profound sense of release and awe, surrounded by a warm, comforting presence. The surreal experience left me both shaken and exhilarated, a witness to something beyond the ordinary.



# I DECIDED TO TAKE A LATE-NIGHT JOURNEY WITH MY TWO FRIENDS, KELLS AND LANA, TO A 24-HOUR PRAYER HOUSE—AN OASIS OF PERPETUAL DEVOTION JUST 30 MINUTES FROM OUR HOME. THE PLAN WAS TO MARVEL AT THE ART AND SOAK IN THE SPIRITUAL AMBIANCE OF THIS SACRED SPACE. IT WAS A CRISP NIGHT, AND THE HIGHWAY STRETCHED OUT BEFORE US AS WE EMBARKED ON OUR ADVENTURE.

Kells, seated in the front passenger seat, was drifting in and out of sleep, while Lana was completely knocked out in the back. I was at the wheel, a quiet hum of anticipation in the car. Recently, I'd been engrossed in a book about the supernatural, detailing an astonishing story about a man who, through spiritual insight, had transcended physical constraints to reach his destination miraculously on time.

The book described how this man, en route to a conference in Germany, found himself engulfed in a realm of spiritual perception. Despite feeling defeated, he began seeing exits in his mind. In an inexplicable moment of transcendence, he arrived at the conference precisely on time. This book also touched on how quantum physics affirms the miracles in the bible. The story had struck a chord with me, and as I drove, I couldn't help but think about its implications.

It was precisely 3 AM when a peculiar shift occurred. Two massive 16-wheelers flanked my vehicle—one to my right and one to my left. The road ahead seemed to blur as I experienced an uncanny sensation of lightness, as if

gravity had momentarily relinquished its hold. My mind began to fill with vivid, swirling images of highway exits.

Kells stirred beside me, her voice a groggy murmur. "We're getting there kinda fast," she noted. At that moment, I glanced at the clock and was stunned to see that it was 3:05 AM—just five minutes had passed since we left, and we had already reached the exit that should have taken us 30 minutes to reach.

Overwhelmed by the inexplicable, I pulled over to the side of the road, my heart pounding with a mixture of awe and disbelief. Before I could fully process what was happening, I leaped out of the car, and an involuntary cry of praise erupted from my lips. My friends, jolted awake by the commotion, stared at me with wide eyes.

"How did we get here so fast?" Kells and Lana exclaimed, their voices laced with astonishment. They knew our departure time and the distance we were meant to travel. The synchronicity of the moment left us all breathless.

As I stood there, a profound sense of warmth and divine presence enveloped me, making the night feel less like a

mystery and more like a gift. The inexplicable journey had drawn us closer to something beyond comprehension, leaving us in awe of the fact the God saw fit for us to experience a miracle.





# MY CHURCH CHOIR, ALONG WITH MY PASTOR, WAS VISITING A NEARBY CHURCH FOR A SPECIAL EVENING. THE PASTOR WAS SCHEDULED TO PERFORM BAPTISMS, AND I WENT ALONG TO SUPPORT HIM AND A FRIEND. THE CHOIR SANG WITH HEARTFELT DEVOTION FOR ABOUT AN HOUR, FILLING THE SPACE WITH A MELODY THAT TOUCHED THE SOUL. AT ONE POINT, THE PASTOR INVITED US TO RAISE OUR HANDS IN WORSHIP.

As I lifted my hands, a profound sense of stillness enveloped me. In that sacred moment, my mind was flooded with an overwhelming whiteness. This phenomenon is known as an "open vision." I found myself in a pure, white room, illuminated by an ethereal light. I was surrounded by stacks of old books and seated on a white couch, with an old 1980s TV sitting quietly in the corner.

Suddenly, I felt a presence behind me—one that perfectly mirrored the playful trick of someone tapping one shoulder while appearing on the other side. It was Jesus. Though I could not see His full form, His radiant smile was unmistakable, a beacon of divine warmth. He wrapped His arms around me, and in that embrace, His light was so intense that my own complexion seemed dark by comparison.

The vision felt like it lasted only seconds, yet when I came back to reality, I found that the entire choir had sat down and the audience was settling in. I was the only one left standing, arms still raised in awe. Slowly, I took my seat and listened to the message, my heart full of wonder.

Jesus is so beautiful. The divine presence, the God-man, was a vision of such grace and splendor that it left me profoundly moved and grateful.

**AT AN ANNUAL EVENT HELD AT A YOUTH CENTER, I WAS THERE TO HONOR THE FATHER OF A YOUNG MAN WHO HAD TRAGICALLY LOST HIS LIFE TO GANG VIOLENCE. THIS EVENT, BRIMMING WITH RAPPERS, DANCERS, FOOD, AND FUN, WAS A VIBRANT MIX OF CELEBRATION AND MINISTRY. AMONG THE ATTENDEES WAS THE VERY GANG MEMBER WHO HAD TAKEN THE LIFE OF THE HOST'S SON. IN A SURPRISING TWIST, HE HAD BEEN WELCOMED WITH OPEN ARMS BY EVERYONE PRESENT, SEEKING REDEMPTION AND SUPPORT.**

Feeling drawn to the energy outside, I went to the parking lot where the basketball court was set up. A group of friends had gathered in a circle around this gang member, who was earnestly seeking Christ. They were deeply engrossed in prayer, and I joined them, adding my own prayers to the collective hope and faith.

As I prayed, I briefly opened my eyes and was struck by the beauty of the full moon shining brightly overhead. Closing my eyes again and then reopening them, I was stunned to see a face within the moon. It was a translucent, unsettling visage that seemed to be in a state of panic. It wasn't the familiar image of a sinister, horned figure; instead, this face was strikingly attractive—reminiscent of a blend between Tom Cruise and Legolas from "The Lord of the Rings."

Satan's face shifted anxiously, moving the moon back and forth, as if he were desperately trying to see something he couldn't quite grasp. His expression revealed a deep sense of alarm. Realizing that I could see him, he stopped, turned his gaze toward me with evident disdain, and vanished instantly.

On the drive home, I reflected on the encounter. I understood that Satan's panic was rooted in his inability to see the young man he was so desperate to assess. It became clear to me that the reason for his blindness was the immense presence of angels—guardians so powerful that their presence obscured his view. The realization settled in: it was Satan who was truly terrified, overshadowed by the divine protection and grace surrounding those seeking redemption.

The experience left me with a profound sense of comfort and awe, knowing that even in the face of darkness, there is an overwhelming force of light and protection.



# I LIT A SINGLE CANDLE AND PLACED IT GENTLY ON THE EDGE OF THE BATHTUB, THEN TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS. AFTER A LONG DAY, I WAS READY TO UNWIND, SO I RAN A WARM BATH. I KEPT THE WATER LEVEL LOW, MINDFUL OF MY SAFETY, AND SETTLED IN FOR A MOMENT OF RELAXATION.

As I began to drift off to sleep, the flickering shadow from the candle started to grow and shift.

What began as a small, undulating shadow soon took on the shape of a robed figure. It was as though the shadow was transforming from a one-dimensional flicker into a three-dimensional hologram. In a brief, almost imperceptible moment, I could discern that this hologram bore a crown—it was Jesus.

A gasp escaped my lips as I whispered, "Jesus," and in that moment, my head began to bow involuntarily. It felt as if my head were drawn down by an invisible force, like a magnet pulling it into submission. The experience was both profound and humbling. My heart was overwhelmed with the realization of Jesus' divine authority—every knee will bow and every tongue will confess that He is Lord.

I was allowed to lift my head, and the hologram of Jesus had now become a shadow, retreating along the wall and disappearing back into the candle's flame. I felt a pang of desperation, whispering, "Jesus, please don't leave me." But even as the vision faded, His presence lingered, a comforting assurance that He was still there with me.

In that moment of personal struggle and self-condemnation, it was clear to me that Jesus forgives sins. His appearance was a powerful reminder of His sovereignty and love. That night, Jesus revealed Himself as the King, affirming that He will be the final judge of hearts. It was a warm, reassuring encounter that reminded me of His boundless grace and the certainty of His divine authority.